

Restaurants and Reservations by ohmybgosh

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Summary:

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But they'd never been on a real date, a planned date, a fancy date.

Restaurants and Reservations

Author's Note:

Anon prompt: "Billy and Steve going on there first date, and Billy is just so nervous. Steve got them Reservations at a nice restaurant and Billy feels so out of place in a restaurant that is so Elegant"

Here you go!! You guys thanks so much for all the kind words about my other harrigrove fic! Hopefully this one is a-okay too. It's a little shorter but I have plans for a lengthy one. Always taking prompts so shoot me an ask on tumblr!

Steve nervously glanced at his watch, for about the fifth time. Where the hell was Billy? He'd excused himself from the table to use the bathroom, about 17 minutes ago now. And Steve was Nervous as Fuck.

He'd been nervous, nervous when Billy kissed him for the first time, nervous when they slept together for the first time, and the second time, and the third. And he had been so nervous when he asked Billy out for the first time.

They'd gone on sort-of-not-really dates before; late night drives to all night diners, full on make out sessions at the 3 o'clock show that no one ever went to at the Hawk, walks in the woods at night when the moon shone bright and ominous in the sky and Billy held his hand even though Steve insisted he wasn't scared. And he *wasn't*, really. It was just that sometimes twigs snapping made him jump, or the hoot of an owl, its call distorted by distance, could sound like something abnormal, something from the Upsidedown.

But they'd never been on a real date, a planned date, a fancy date. So Steve, still sweating slightly after all this time together, had asked Billy a few nights ago to come to dinner with him. A nice restaurant, a few towns away because they weren't looking to broadcast this. Like a really nice restaurant. The kind that Steve's parents went to on Valentine's Day. The kind that had real candles and actual silver

silverware and fancy fucking script on the menu. The kind of restaurant that had waiters in crisp white uniforms and an all-weather fountain in the entryway. The kind of restaurant that said one of three things: “let’s fuck”, “I’m sorry”, or “I love you”.

Steve checked his watch again. 19 minutes. Fuck.

“Would you like to order, or shall I return in a few minutes?” The waiter, an older man with gray hair and a mustache that looked sharp enough to cut steel, leaned over the table.

Steve would’ve liked to crawl under the fancy satin tablecloth and sink under the carpet, but he coughed and said “Ah - another minute, thanks.”

He checked his watch again when the waiter left. 20 minutes. Fucking fuck.

He had almost expected Billy to stand him up, to never show at all, but he didn’t think Billy would come, eat a fucking herbed breadstick, and *then* ditch.

Steve debated for a second, then pushed his chair back and stood. He ignored the indignant glares he got from patrons at the sound of his chair scraping against the floor. This place was too fancy for it’s own good.

He weaved through tables and found his way to the men’s room. The door was closed and he knocked lightly. There was no reply. Steve gently pushed the door open; it was unlocked and unoccupied.

“Fuck,” he breathed. A lump started to rise in his throat and he swallowed angrily.

If Billy didn’t want to come he could’ve just said something. They didn’t have a name for this, whatever it was. But Billy had been spending a lot of nights curled against Steve’s chest, too many to count, Steve had tried, and Steve had thought maybe -

He shut the bathroom door with a snap. Billy could’ve just never shown up in the first place. Saved him the embarrassment.

Steve debated heading back to the table, grabbing the check for their untouched drinks, and leaving.

He paused when the front door swung open as a couple walked in and a gust of chilly winter air ruffled Steve's hair. He figured he might as well check the parking lot for Billy's car, just to be sure he wasn't really here.

Steve squeezed passed the bundled up couple and through the front doors. The cool air hit him immediately; he could practically feel his lips chapping. He wrapped his arms around his middle, thankful he had chosen to wear a thick sweater, and squinted at the parking lot.

The Camaro was still there, right beside Steve's car.

Steve's heart skipped a beat and for a second a million panicked thoughts blurred through his head all at once - had something happened? Was Billy in trouble? Did the mother fucking gate swallow him into hell?

A light splashing to his left made him jump and he turned. Water spouted from the heated fountain, tinkling down a cherub's outstretched hand and into the pool below. A lone figure perched on the rim, legs thrown casually apart, smoking the stub of a cigarette, butt on down open much too far for the weather.

Steve watched Billy finish the cigarette, flick the butt into the water, and pull out another, sticking it between his teeth and cupping his hand to light it. Taking a drag, Billy glanced up, towards the front doors. Steve followed his gaze. The host behind the welcome podium glared daggers at Billy. Billy grinned around his cigarette and waved.

"You said you had to take a piss," Steve called. Billy whipped around, cigarette hanging out of his mouth. He hesitated and Steve took a few steps closer.

"I did," Billy finally replied, blowing smoke out the side of his mouth. "Should've seen his face when my stream hit the water." He nodded at the host.

Steve grimaced. He stopped in front of Billy, arm's length away. He

shoved his hands in his pockets and looked down at the snowy ground.

“You could’ve said something, you know,” he mumbled.

“Just needed some air.” Billy shrugged.

“No, I mean.” Steve kicked at a piece of gum frozen to the pavement. “If you didn’t wanna come. You could’ve said so.”

Billy didn’t answer and Steve glanced up. Billy examined the chipped cherub as if it was the most fascinating thing in the world. He inhaled, his cheeks sucking in, and when he let the breath out he blew smoke out of his nostrils. Steve was still a little impressed by that. He always choked when he tried it.

“I did wanna come.” Billy’s voice was quiet, barely audible over the tinkling of the fountain.

Steve felt annoyance bubbling inside of him, he wanted to snap “you left” but he held his tongue. He had learned Billy’s way of communicating by now; around all the snarky comments and the jokes and the mean words Billy’s real feelings almost never came out, but when they did they arrived slowly, painfully, with immense effort, like each one was a tooth being pulled up by the root. Steve had learned to wait, as patiently as he could.

This time it took another four minutes, enough time for Billy to glower at the fountain, to finish his cigarette and flick it into the water (the host pressed his angry face against the door, breath fogging up the glass).

When Billy finally spoke, he was shaking another cigarette out of the pack and Steve was shivering in the wind.

“I wanted to come,” Billy sighed. He took a second to light his cigarette. Steve’s toes were going numb in his shoes and his teeth were chattering but he didn’t say a thing. He knew this was a rare moment.

“It’s just, fuck, man,” Billy huffed, smoke swirling up into the air. “This place just, I don’t know.” He gestured angrily at the restaurant.

His eyes shone in the light streaming out of the fancy curtained windows and his eyebrows knitted together in that Angry Billy face Steve had become so accustomed to.

“I don’t fit here. This shit isn’t me, this is you, Harrington.” He growled the last bit, and Steve suppressed the urge to roll his eyes. Billy called him Harrington only for two occasion now: affectionately, as a means to tease, and as a jab, as an angry insult.

“Will you say something, Jesus fuck!” Billy snapped. He waved a hand in front of Steve’s face.

Steve waited a moment, let Billy catch his breath. He always let Billy boil off steam like this, because Billy always came into a fight charging, but lost his energy quickly. Steve found it worked in his favor to let Billy yell, let him punch a wall if he needed to, and then, when Billy huffed and crossed his arms, pouting like a little kid, then Steve would respond.

Steve sighed.

“You could’ve told me this,” Steve said, teeth chattering. “You could’ve told me you hated it the second we got here and I wouldn’t’ve had to sit like an asswipe waiting for you.”

Sympathy flicked across Billy’s face, his anger melting away into something like concern.

“Are you cold?” he asked, reaching out a hand to touch Steve’s face. His rough, callused fingers burned against Steve’s cheek and Steve briefly wondered at the marvel of Billy being so damn warm all the time.

Steve ran numb fingers through his hair, letting out a breath in exasperation.

“It’s fucking freezing out here,” he huffed.

Billy flicked his half smoked cigarette into the fountain, glancing up to grin at the host against the glass, and stood, closing the distance between he and Steve to pull the latter against him.

“Come ‘ere, Harrington,” he murmured, arms wrapping snuggly around Steve.

Steve, though, he frequently reminded Billy, an inch taller, ducked his head under Billy’s chin, shivering and pressing his face into the warm dip of Billy’s shoulder.

Billy kissed the top of his head, and Steve fleetingly thought about straightening up to kiss Billy on those perfect lips, but his toes, which really, he couldn’t feel at all, were starting to worry him.

“Let’s go,” Steve said, shivering. “Before they realize I never paid for our drinks.”

“You’re amazing,” Billy laughed, loud and happy, and Steve smiled because he was starting to think it was his favorite sound.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m the best, I know.” He grabbed Billy’s hand and pulled him away from the restaurant, towards their cars. “C’mon, I have hot cocoa and schnapps at my house. I think there’s even some marshmallows left, too.”

Later, in the dark of his bedroom, curled up and half naked underneath a pile of wool blankets, Billy lay on his back, one arm behind his head, the other pulling Steve close, eyes closed, a contented smile on his face, twirling a lock of Steve’s hair in his fingers, and Steve rested his cheek against Billy’s warm chest, closing his eyes, pleasantly buzzed and breathing in the scent of the boy beneath him. Steve thought about that restaurant, about what it could say, about what he had wanted it to say. But he didn’t worry about it too much. Steve and Billy were not average, were not a couple who went to fancy restaurants and leaned around a vase of ridiculous flowers to tell each other “I love you.” Steve and Billy did things their own way, and they were still dipping their toes in the water, figuring things out as they went along.

Steve ran a hand along Billy’s abdomen. He felt Billy shift, his arm coming out from under his head and his hand meeting Steve’s, twining their fingers together.

Steve smiled sleepily. Right now, he didn’t feel nervous. He had

plans, better plans, and he knew sooner rather than later he and Billy would find their version of a fancy restaurant - maybe another greasy diner miles away, maybe the hood of Billy's Camaro, maybe smoking pot behind the school, maybe here under the covers in Steve's bedroom. He knew they'd get there; he could feel it. The storm, the spark.

But right now Steve was content to fall asleep, listening to the slow thump of Billy's heart and the gusts of winter wind rattle the screen outside.

And so he did.